The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 4.] SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1843. [Vol. II. 1843.

LOUIS XI AND DE CREVILLE.

Original Communications.

ROYAL PLEASANTRIES, OR THE DAYS OF LOUIS XI.

It was seen in the remarkable career of Louis XI, that a mirthful disposition is not incompatible with savage cruelty.

The youth of our Henry V and George IV, was not more full of careless frolic than was that of Louis while Dauphin. He quarrelled with his father, Charles VII, and fled to Philippe, Duke of Burgundy, who gave him a cordial reception and a royal establishment near Brussels, with an allowance of 2,500 louvres per month.

"Louis," says the historian, "remained there till the death of his father, enjoying the pleasures of the chase, and those of the table, with convivial companions. There, he was best esteemed who best recounted tales of gallantry, and he who furnished the most luscious story was most welcome. The Count de Charolais, the bastard of Burgundy, and the sieurs De Vienne, De Dagoine, De Thianges, De Rothelin, De Lannoy, De Crequi, contributed their share to these sportive narratives; and at times the grand duke himself joined the revellers. A collection of the histories recited in these meetings was made and published under the title of 'The Hundred Novels.'"

While he was in voluntary exile Louis and the Count de Charolais, were boon companions. This did not prevent their becoming bitter enemies after Louis had ascended the throne. De Charolais was brave and violent, and in several instances he prevailed over the craft of the French King. His temper often broke out, and on one occasion, when he was offended, he told the ambassador of Louis, that "he would make his master repent his conduct before a year had expired." He afterwards advanced to Charenton, near Paris, with his army. Louis then resolved to go to his camp, trusting to the honour of the Count. There he greeted De Charolais as an old friend, affecting the utmost frankness and familiarity. Their interview opened thus: "Brother, I see now that you are a gentleman and of the family of France."

"Why so?" inquired the Count.

"Because when I lately sent my ambassador to Lisle, to wait on your father, and that old fool Morvilier (the French ambassador) talked so saucily to you, you sent me word by the Archbishop of Narbonne, who is a gentleman, that I should repent what had been said before the year was out, and, by Heaven, you have been as good as your word, ere your time has expired. I like a man of business. It is with such people that I would treat."

This meeting led to negotiations which terminated in the treaty of 1465.

Louis affected great simplicity of dress. On one occasion, when it had been arranged that he should hold an interview with the King of Castile, at St John de Luz, Philip de Comines says—"Our King wore a short coat, as ill-made as possible; sometimes he wore very coarse cloth, and he did so particularly there. His hat was old, and differed from the hats of everybody else, from its being ornamented with an image of lead in front."

War between France and Burgundy was frequently renewed. The success which had attended the visit above described, paid by Louis to the Count de Charolais, induced him to repeat it under somewhat similar circumstances, when the latter had become the Duke of Burgundy, and was at Peronne. It was discovered by the Duke that the King, while seeking him as a friend, had sent two ambassadors to Liege to stir up the people of that place against him. Proof being obtained that Louis was acting a double part, the Duke made him a prisoner in the castle of Peronne, and set a guard over him, nor would he release him till Louis had subscribed such a treaty as he was pleased to dictate. This failure of the King in that coaxing, or, as it could now be called, humbugging, system of diplomacy, on which he valued himself, was the subject of great mirth among the Parisians. The word "Peronne" became a standing joke, and parrots and starlings were taught to repeat it in derision of the King. This satirical humour so exasperated Louis, that he sent officers through the city to wring the necks of all the birds which had been trained to repeat that fatal name.

In the gravest matters he could sometimes jest. He would indulge in playful conceits while contemplating the sorrows of a victim shut up in an iron cage which had been contrived for his gratification; or when dooming a prisoner to die,

"Why I can smile and murder while I smile,"

might have been his motto. Writing to the Constable de St Pol, whom he was about to bring to the scaffold, he, with great apparent kindness, thus expressed himself—"I want a good head like yours;" he then turned round and facetiously remarked to those who were near him, that he had only said "he wanted the Constable's *head;* he was indifferent about the rest of him."

Sometimes the cold-blooded jocularity of the King was answered in a like spirit by those who had to treat with him in important affairs. Having proposed to the Emperor that they should seize on the territory of the Duke of Burgundy, and divide it between them, his ambassadors were told this story:—"Three jovial companions having run up a score at a tavern which they were not prepared to pay, agreed to settle the matter by killing a

bear which infested that vicinity, and giving the landlord its skin. With this object in view they went forth, but the bear coming among them unexpectedly, two escaped, but the third fell on the ground, and counterfeited death, when the animal having lingered about him some time retired, and the man rejoined his friends. One of these having climbed a tree had seen the bear with its nose close to the prostrate man. He now inquired what he had said; 'Why,' he replied, 'the bear told me never again to give away the bear's skin till the bear was dead.' And in a like spirit the King's ambassador was told, that 'If the King came according to promise to the Emperor's aid, they would take the Duke's dominions if they could, and then it would be time enough to talk of dividing the spoil.'"

On one occasion Louis got up a curious scene, which furnishes the subject of our engraving. The story is thus related by Comines:—"There arrived at court a servant of the Constable, named Louis de Creville, and one of his secretaries, named John Rusher, who was ordered by the King to deliver their message to the Lord De Bouchage and me. The tidings they brought pleased Louis exceedingly, and he resolved to make his advantage of it, as you shall hear. The Lord de Contay, who was a servant to the Duke of Burgundy, having some time before been made a prisoner before Arcas, was allowed to go backward and forward on his parole. The King had promised him a large reward if he could dispose his master to peace. He had just returned from waiting on the Duke of Burgundy the very day the two gentlemen above mentioned arrived at court from the Constable. The King caused the Lord de Contay and myself to hide behind a great old screen that stood in his chamber, that the Lord de Contay might hear and report to the Duke of Burgundy the language held respecting him by the Constable and his people. The King placed himself upon a stool near the screen that we might the more distinctly hear what the said Louis de Creville had to say. His colleague then began and told the King that their master sent them lately to wait on the Duke of Burgundy; that they had used several arguments and remonstrated many things to induce him to a rupture with the English, and they had found him in so great a passion against the King of England, that they were in a fair way to prevail upon him not only to abandon, but also to fall upon them in their retreat. To please Louis the more, he imitated the voice and manner of the Duke of Burgundy, and stamped with his foot, and swore by Saint George that the King of England was the son of an archer, and repeated many other invectives. Louis appeared to be highly pleased with this account. 'Speak louder,' said he, 'I grow old, and am rather deaf.' He acted thus in order that it should be repeated within the hearing of the Lord de Contay, that nothing might be lost. They finally proposed that the King should do all in his power in concert with the Constable to pacify the English, greatly to the prejudice of the Duke of Burgundy. Contay, having thus learned how his master was treated, glowed with indignation, and immediately hastened to communicate all to the Duke, while the King laughed heartily at the drama which he had caused to be performed."

THE MOON-SEEKER.

A TALE FROM THE GERMAN, BY LUDWIG TIECK.

LOUIS TO HIS UNCLE.

(Continued from last week.)

My inward discord and perplexity were to become still more agonizing. News was received from the father, who would return in a few months, and had sent three friends, with whom he had become acquainted in Naples, with letters. We had often seen relations and friends from Geneva, Rolle, or other towns in the neighbourhood, who, if not always of the most polished description, were always of the best natured, and at the utmost could only give rise to tediousness. All, especially the uncle in Rolle, had taken me under their protection, and once I had even visited him at his house, in company with his nieces and his sister. The three newly-arrived strangers, however, conducted themselves immediately as though house and garden, mother and daughters, belonged solely to them. The eldest, an officer, was wretchedly educated, and of coarse manners. He drank much, and allowed himself to be so overcome on his first visit, that he was forced to be led away by his people. On the following day he was so little ashamed, that he talked boastingly and jestingly of it with the girls, as though it had been some heroic achievement, and assured them they would often find him in that situation, in which those who knew him considered him most amiable. The mother was so frightened and hurt that she would willingly have closed her door against this barefaced toper for ever, had she dared thus to offend her despotic husband in the person of his friend.

The second guest was an old wealthy marquis, who, in the father's letter, was more strongly recommended than all the others, so that the forebodings of the prudent mother already saw a future son-in-law in him. The old fellow, also, seemed to examine the girls, one after the other,

with his little twinkling eyes, as if to ascertain which would best suit him as a wife. The youngest of the three was a gallant of more than forty, a confirmed gambler, in consequence of which, other dissolute fellows soon attached themselves to him, in whose society he gratified his passion.

Thus had our quiet little house suddenly become the scene of noise, bustle, and bad company. These friends, which had been confided to the family, made me fear that the father of the girls was a rough, perhaps, worthless man, and I had willingly withdrawn, if Rosa's glances, coldly as they met mine, had not held me fast. I resembled the moth which has burnt itself in the flame of the candle, but still, unable to live or die, hovers about the pernicious flame.

It was impossible to feel any longer comfortable in the house, especially as my jealous eye soon discovered that the old marquis, without declaring himself, had already chosen Rosa for his mistress, for he distinctly gave her the preference to her sisters. She herself was very friendly towards him, and appeared rather to seek than to avoid his company. I would willingly have persuaded myself that Rosa was wholly unworthy of my love, that she was but an insignificant creature, scarcely meriting respect; but as often as I tried to quiet myself with these sophistries, or sought to degrade her image in my soul, she had but to pass through the room to cast down all my accusations with a glance.

I felt wretched, and began to find fault with myself for not having the courage to leave a neighbourhood where I was constantly tormented. Another week passed in this manner, when one evening I found a few people assembled at the house, amongst whom the three friends were not wanting. Rosa was lively, without being extravagantly so; Jenny serious as usual; and Lidia, contrary to custom, talked with me in the most friendly manner. It almost seemed as if a tender feeling had taken possession of her young heart; her bright eyes were so sparkling, her pretty smiling mouth so friendly, that I thought she had never before looked so beautiful. A little music was proposed, to pleasure some elderly ladies, and after a considerable period, there was again a more refined entertainment; stiller nature pervaded the apartment. The mother appeared to watch Rosa from the distance as she conversed with the marquis; but although Rosa's tone was so lively, she was not quite at ease, and chiefly occupied herself with music, in order, by singing and playing, to conceal her disorder. She constantly observed Lidia and myself, and never lost sight of us, not even when singing in the most pathetic manner.

At length we broke up, and on returning home I was greatly surprised to find a scrap of paper in my hands. In the hurry in which each seized his hat, I had taken a wrong one, and found inside between the silk a note containing the following:—

"You say I do not love you? What do you require? What sacrifice? I am ready to do all. Meet me on Friday on the spot, by the little fountain, where I first confessed my love for you, but not earlier than between ten and eleven o'clock; I will then slip out of the house to arrange with you what is to be done. "Ever yours."

I cannot describe the condition to which this unholy note reduced me. For whom was it intended? From whom? So much as I had lived with the family, I could not recollect if I had ever seen the handwriting of the girls. How could it occur to one of them? how could they sink so low as to write to the drunkard, or the wretched gambler, in words which betrayed a long and confidential intercourse? If I pictured to myself the serious Jenny, or the childish Lidia, who had lately been so friendly with me, I could not possibly believe that the vile note was addressed to either of these contemptible fellows: the greatest probability, therefore, was, that it was my beloved Rosa, the most prudent and roguish, the one most likely to dissemble and commence an intrigue. But had she been thus debased! I thought she would have expressed herself differently.

Should I visit the men successively? I heard they had gone on a journey, and how was I to find out the guilty one? I might also compromise the unknown writer.

If I applied to the mother, I knew not what mischief I might create. Again I thought of making Jenny my confidant; but when I reflected on her silence I could not promise myself any help from her. And what after all if she were the writer of the epistle?

I therefore waited until the owner of the detested hat should claim it in return for mine. I would then challenge the scoundrel, and thus revenge the injured honour of the family. I was like a madman, and ran so wildly about the room that my servant was fearful for my health.

At length it struck me that the best would be to let the few days pass, and to repair myself, at the appointed hour, to the spot mentioned. I wrote letters—closed my account at my banker's, paid the necessary visits, and had my things packed in order that, if Rosa should be there in the night, I could immediately leave Geneva.

In the interval I was like a drunken man. I felt that after the discovery my

elasticity would vanish and leave my whole frame powerless and exhausted. I lived and acted in complete giddiness. The house, so often visited, I now avoided.

The appointed day at length came. I regarded with a dull eye the scene which nature presented to me. I began to recover myself as the twilight extinguished all forms and shapes, and the moon rising awoke me from my torpor. I imagined I was taking leave of her for the last time; for, young as I was, I believed my life was already ended, and in the frame of mind I then was, I sincerely wished for death.

I concealed myself in the thick bushes, keeping the little fountain in view. The well-known house was not far off. Several times I fancied I beheld some one moving, but was deceived by the fickle moonshine.

At length, and my stunned senses had not observed its approach, a white figure stood at the fountain—I rushed from the bushes—was near, and recognized her—it was indeed Rosa. A shudder crept over me, and I fell senseless at her feet.

As I came to myself I found her anxiously attending to me. She was kneeling near me, and chafing my temples, while my head rested in her lap.

I seized her hands and rose. She rose also, and looked at me in astonishment. "How do you come here, my dear friend?" she asked in the kindest manner; "I expected quite a different person. And what has happened to you? What is the matter?"

"Can you still ask?" I stammered in broken tones, and a cold sweat fell in large drops from my forehead; "you ask, and behold how you have crushed me! Must I now, for the first time, tell you in cold words, that the heart, which you have broken, loved you unspeakably? Take back the wretched note which accidentally fell into the hands of one for whom it was not intended; be happy with him you love, whoever he may be, and receive with this fatal note my farewell, for you will see me no more."

Astonished and trembling, she took the paper from my hand. "You love me?" she exclaimed: "how can that be? This avowal is so new—and it was that ——"

"Yes," I exclaimed bitterly, "it was because I was indubitably convinced that you had sacrificed yourself to one totally unworthy of you that the shock prostrated me at your feet. O! that I had never awoke! You might scorn me, and love another—but, O heaven! it is too dreadful that I can no longer respect you."

"Sit down with me on this bank," said Rosa, almost serenely: "a strange fatality brings us here together in the night, and compels us to confide in each other. What I think of the avowal of your love you will probably learn to-morrow, or shortly; the most important now is to tell you that this fatal note does not come from me."

"Not from you?" I exclaimed with the greatest joy.

"No," she continued, "it is from that imprudent girl, the unfortunate Lidia. The brawling drunkard, whom I equally with yourself despise, pursued the inexperienced child from the first day of his arrival. One may often remark that girls so young give the first lover who declares himself more than due encouragement, chiefly from vanity. If it be an elderly man, his wooing has more effect on the inexperienced than that of a youth. I kept sight of my sister, and saw how the coarseness, yes, even brutality, of this unworthy man imposed upon her, and made her bear with his importunities, partly from fear, partly from inclination. Thus he had gained her confidence, pressed her hands, embraced her when he thought himself unnoticed, and I was convinced that he would gradually proceed further, and that the innocent girl would perhaps be unable to resist his perfidious attacks. On that last evening I observed that something was to be arranged, but my eye was so sharp that Lidia did not venture to speak confidentially with the officer. She had already become so cunning as to imagine that she could deceive me by a long friendly conversation with you. After the music, as I still kept her from her lover, she was doing something in the hall with the hats; but it did not strike me that she was making an appointment. I discovered however, by pressing her, that she had received letters from the man, who possesses neither fortune nor a respectable position in society, and I was successful in moving her, by representing the danger to which she exposed herself. She tremblingly confessed all, and promised never again to see the villain. I came hither to say everything to the ignoble fellow that my anger had suggested, and to give him his dismissal. Such were my motives for coming where I find you. That which I would have told him he shall now learn by means of a sharp and cutting letter, and the affair will thus be ended."

(*To be continued next week.*)

WOOLWICH AND SHOOTER'S HILL.

To thousands of Londoners, Woolwich and Shooter's hill, from the ease and cheapness with which they can now be approached by steam-boat and railway, are admired as recent discoveries. In consequence, building is going on very briskly in those neighbourhoods. Woolwich, with its splendid arsenal, dockyard, and repository, offers an interesting spectacle to the lovers of grand sights, which it is impossible to ex-

haust by one or two visits, while its noble common and the romantic adjacent scenery present no common attractions to the admirers of nature. The consequence is, improvements are making in and about Woolwich with great activity. That neighbourhood promises to be almost as much frequented in future as it was in former days, when Greenwich was the seat of Royalty. Then, as is shown by Holler's print, the heath, from Shooter's hill, was filled with places for supplying refreshments to the holiday-making pedestrians. There was annually a grand scene on May-day. May-poles, selected from the wood, adorned with the blossoms of the blackthorn, were set up, and there the queen of the May, being duly elected, held her court, and the merry dance was prolonged

"From grey-eyed morn till dewy eve."

Royalty did not disdain occasionally to honour these scenes with its presence, and to join in "the Mayings." It is recorded that Henry VII assembled his whole Court upon Shooter's hill, and passed his May-day in the greatest festivity. Henry VIII was not behind his father in the enjoyment of these sports. On May-day that King proceeded with his Queen, Catherine, in great splendour from Greenwich Palace to Shooter's hill, and was there received by 200 archers clad in green. Their leader personated Robin Hood, and these, says the historian, gave the King such excellent sport, and displayed so much skill in the exercise of their bows and arrows, that their captain was knighted, and the men rewarded by gifts. Another account states that the same monarch went to Shooter's hill with his Royal consort (not Catherine, but Anna Boleyn), to drink the mineral waters, which were reported to have much medicinal virtue. It was probably to the well now in the possession of the Board of Ordnance, in the lane leading to the Red Lion, that their Majesties repaired. Close to the spot a little romantic Swiss cottage has recently been erected, where, though at present it is a private residence, water-drinkers, and drinkers of liquor stronger than water, will probably be shortly invited, to enjoy the fine prospects it commands, as, from the windows of this pleasant abode, a view is obtained of the Dover road, Blackheath, the shipping on the river, the Essex coast, and in the distance St Paul's Church. The picturesque lane in which it is found, is the Pentonville of Woolwich, and the Londoners have more than begun to find out the attractions of the locality. Several houses have sprung up there in the course of the last year, and the foundations of three or four more are now being laid. The delightful walks round the hill in every direction, the frequent military spectacles beheld from this eminence, the medicinal waters, and, above all the pure air, so beneficial to invalids, promises to render this a favourite little spa. Here the valetudinarian, to all the advantages of country retirement, may add the high luxury of receiving visits and news hourly from the metropolis. If the view enjoyed from the hill has not all the picturesque beauty of Richmond's "enchanting vale," it presents, among its nobly-varied features, one which that far-famed retreat could never boast—a moving exhibition of half the commerce of the world. This gives the spectacle additional animation and importance—it can be reached at half the expence and half the time which a visit to Richmond exacts.

THE CARTOONS IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

Westminster Hall, with its Cartoons offered for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament, is now thrown open to the public. No admission money is demanded except on certain days, with a view to the accommodation of those who would wish to avoid a crowd.

During the time the exhibition continued, the visitors paying one shilling each, the attendance averaged eighteen hundred daily. From the funds thus realized the judges have been able to allow grants of 100*l.* each to compensate the artists of the ten next best drawings to those originally preferred. Those to whom this honour has been awarded are the following:—

1. 'Una coming to seek the assistance of Gloriana.' By Mr F. Howard.

2. 'The seven acts of Mercy. Una and the Red Cross Knight led by Mercy to the Hospital of the Seven Mercies.' Mr G. V. Rippingille.

3. 'The Death of King Lear.' Mr F. B. Pickersgill, jun.

4. 'The Angel Raphael discoursing with Adam.' Sir W. Ross, R.A.

5. 'Man beset by contending passions.' Mr Howard, R.A.

6. 'The Brothers releasing the Lady from the Enchanted Chair'—Milton's Comus.' Mr F. R. Stephanoff.

7. 'The Brothers driving out Comus and his Rabble.' M. J. Wallace.

8. 'St Augustine Preaching to the Britons' Mr W. C. Thomas.

9. 'Alfred the Great assuming the Harper's dress.' Mr M. Claxton.

10. 'The Plague of London, A.D. 1349.' Mr E. Corbould.

It is yet possible that funds may be gained to remunerate in some degree other deserving artists, who have incurred some expense, besides giving their time and labour, whom the rewards at present voted cannot reach.

TREATMENT OF IRELAND IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Some striking facts are communicated to the world by the Archæological Society of Dublin. The treatment of the Irish in former days was most cruel. A milder and better system has been adopted in our time. We hope its timely appreciation by the present race of Irishmen will render it impossible for those least favourable to them ever to think of returning to the old one.

The title of the English monarchs to reign over Ireland is said to be derived from a grant made by Pope Adrian the Second. In a statute of Edward IV, bearing date 1467, it is thus set forth :—

"As our holy Father Adrian, Pope of Rome, was possessed of all the seigniory of Ireland in his demesne, as of fee, in right of his Church of Rome, and to the intent that vices should be subdued, and virtue encouraged, he aliened the same land to the king of England, for a certain rent to be received in England, to hold to the king of England and his heirs for ever: by which grant said subjects of Ireland owe their obedience to the king of England, as to their sovereign Lord, as by said bull appears. It is, therefore, ordained, that all archbishops and bishops of Ireland shall, upon the monition of forty days, proceed to the excommunication of all disobedient subjects, and if such archbishop or bishop be negligent or remiss in doing their duties in the premises, they shall forfeit one hundred pounds."

The second enactment is not a little remarkable:—

"Also, it is ordained and established, that no alliance by marriage, gossipred, fostering of children, concubinage, or by amour, nor in any other manner, be henceforth made between the English and Irish of the one part, or of the other part; and that no Englishman, nor other person, being at peace, do give or sell to any Irishman, in time of peace or war, horses or armour, nor any manner of victuals in time of war; and if any shall do to the contrary, and thereof be attainted, he shall have judgment of life and member, as a traitor to our lord the king."

Another very singular enactment is that which relates to the personal appearance of Irishmen and Englishmen:—

"As there is no diversity of habit between the English marchers and Irish enemies, by colour of which the Irish enemies come into the English counties as English marchers, and robb and pillage on the high way, and destroy the common people by lodging on them by nights, and slay the husbandmen, and take their goods to the Irish: it is enacted, that he that will be taken for an Englishman shall not use a beard upon his upper lip alone, and that the said lip shall be once shaved, at least in every two weeks, the offender to be treated as an Irish enemy.—Original Roll. This act was not repealed until A.D. 1635."

Englishmen were at one time forbidden by law to permit Irishmen to feed cattle on lands belonging to the first. This was of course resented, but the method of revenging it has something farcical in it. An affidavit, made Jan. 9, 1641, at the time of the great insurrection and massacre, relative to the practices of the insurgents, runs as follows :—

"Thomas Johnson, vicar of Turloghe and Kellycomon, county of Mayo, saith that the rebells in the baronies of Costelloe and Gallen, in meere hatred and derision of the English *and their very cattle*, and contempt and derision of the English lawes, did ordinarily and commonly prefer bills of indictment, and bring the English breed of cattle to be tried upon juries; and having, in their fashion, arraigned those cattle, then their scornful judge, then sitting amongst them, would say, 'they look as if they could speake Englishe, give them the book and see if they can read,' pronouncing the words 'legit an non,' to the jury; and then, because they stood mute and could not read, he would and did pronounce judgment and sentence of death against them, and they were committed and put to slaughtering.—Jurat. 14th Jan. 1543.—Co. Mayo. Andrew Adaire, late of Moygownagh, county Mayo, Esq., saith, that the name of the English was so hateful to the Irish, that they would not only kill all they met with (if not strangely prevented), but would kill all *the English breed of cattle*, sometyme jeeringly saying, they would speak English, and therefore they would kill them."

The miserable varieties of lawless outrage and severe legislation fill an immense space in the history of Ireland. Would we could see it had been succeeded by order and content, to invite more indulgent laws!

OLD PACKHORSE ROAD.

Sir,—In a late number of 'The Mirror,' a hope was expressed that the writer of a book then under review would take some notice of the active steps now taken by certain parochial despots to stop up the old packhorse roads as nuisances. I can direct your attention to one that has lately been turned out of its course. The road leading from Highbury Barn Tavern to the Sluice House used to pass through Highbury Vale, considerably to the right of one that now exists between rows of newly-built houses. The old way cannot have been stopped up for public convenience. Would it be intruding too much to ask for whose private benefit the change was made?—I am, Sir,

Paul Pry.

Arms. Az., a fess, or, in chief a bear's head, ppr., muzzled and ringed, or.
Crest. A mullet, erminois, between two wings, ar.
Supporters on either side, a bear, ppr., muzzled, collared and chained, or, charged on the shoulders with a cross, pattée fitchée, of the last.
Motto. Virtus in arduis. "Courage in difficulty."

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF BARING.

This family is not of the number which derives its importance from "the pride of ancient days." John Baring, Esq., of Larkbeer, Devonshire, son of Franz Baring, minister of the Lutheran church at Bremen, is mentioned as its founder. He lived in the last century, and it was his third son, Francis Baring, Esq., born April 18, 1740, that paved the way for the dignities which now belong to the name. This gentleman was a trader, and the magnitude of his operations caused him to be distinguished as "the first merchant in the world." He was created a baronet, May 29, 1793. He died September 12, 1810, and was succeeded in his titles by his eldest son Thomas, now Sir Thomas Baring.

Alexander, the second son, on the death of Sir Francis, became the head of the large and wealthy commercial establishment in the city. Great was its reputation and immense its importance when it came into his hands: both were immeasurably increased under his management.

His powerful mind, however, was not confined to commercial matters. From a reference to the parliamentary history of the last thirty or forty years, it will be found that he took an active part in most of the debates called forth by the great questions successively brought before the House of Commons, in the course of that long period.

On the 10th of April, 1835, his lordship was raised to the peerage as Baron Ashburton, of Ashburton, in the county of Devonshire.

In that year we find him in office as President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. His lordship is a trustee of the British Museum, a privy councillor, and a D.C.L. of Oxford.

His lordship has not only served his country in the capacity above described, but since his retirement from office Lord Ashburton consented to go to America as Ambassador Extraordinary. He happily succeeded in putting an end to the differences which had long threatened a rupture between England and the United States. In acquitting himself of this difficult task, the noble lord was attended by the singular good fortune of his former life. Though loud complaints were made against the treaty which he had concluded on its being first received, when it came to be submitted to the consideration of parliament all objections to it "vanished into thin air." A debate originated in hostility in the House of Commons, after one or two adjournments was interrupted by some accidental interference of the forms of the house, and its opponents were content not to renew the attack, and subsequently thanks were voted to his lordship for the important service he had rendered his country. Through his whole career he has exerted himself to extend the commerce of England, and his last public act (at present on record) has given her the grateful assurance of continued peace.

LYRIC ODE TO ROBERT BURNS,

THE AYRSHIRE BARD.

By J. Paterson, Surgeon, Parkhead, near Glasgow.

Once Nature strung her rural lyre,
And roam'd each hill and glen,
In quest of bard, with rustic fire,
Among the sons of men.

But finding none, she strayed and wept
In solitude alone,—
The music on the wild chords slept,
The melody was gone.

At length she came to winding Ayr,
Where the rapt mavis sings;
The sweetest song was warbled there,
Ere breath'd on lyric strings.

She gazed, no *noble* bard was there,
But a poor rustic boy
Wild warbled on the banks of Ayr,
With nature's simple joy.

Yet in fine frenzy roll'd his eyes,
Full on his gaze she turns,
She knew her bard, and raptured cries,
My lyre belongs to Burns.

DUELLISTS AND DUELLING.

The practice of duelling, revolting as it is to reason, the labours of centuries have failed to put down. As the Israelites obstinately gave way to idolatry, the English and other nations have resolutely patronised this mode of settling differences. The gravest authorities have seemed to acquiesce in its necessity, and to feel

"That now and then, a hero must decease
For the surviving world to live in peace."

Great efforts were made at former periods to put an end to a practice so irrational and pernicious. In France, so early as in the time of King Pharamond, an edict is said to have issued, dated from Blois, February 8, A.D. 440, under which it was ordered that the person who proved the sending or receiving a challenge should be entitled to claim for his own use and property the whole personal estate of both parties, his real estate to be vested in the next heir of the offender.

It further declared that a criminal condemned for duelling should not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real, mixed, and personal, should from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt, and it thus concluded: "It shall not hereafter be in our Royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offence, or restore the offenders to their estates, honour, or blood forever."

The parliament of Paris, June 26, 1599, declares all who should revenge insults received but in course of law, should be guilty of high treason, ordering their estates, as well personal as real, of the living and the dead, to be confiscated to the king. All present were also to be punished.

Henry IV, by an edict dated Blois, April, 1602, confirms the above-mentioned decree, and declares, "that the disorders of that abominable custom of fighting duels for reparation of honour were so great, and so much Christian blood was spilt thereby, that he could not judge himself worthy of swaying the sceptre if he did not put a stop to the abuse."

The practice, however, continued, and the same monarch, regretting that "the law did rather exasperate than repress that insolent and brutish custom," issued a new edict from Fontainbleau, in June, 1609, ordaining additional punishments to all concerned in duelling, protesting before God that he would not pardon any one who should be found guilty, and prohibiting the queen and princes from interceding in behalf of any who should so offend.

The strict execution of this law during that reign is said to have abated the evil; but in the following one, that of Louis XIII, a new way of fighting was introduced to evade the law. Combats took place as upon accidental rencontres, pretending no challenge to have preceded. This caused an edict to be issued, dated July 1, 1611, extending the provisions of the former edicts to such contentions. One still stronger was put forth, dated January 18, 1613, which was followed by another dated October 1, 1614, and that by one containing additional provisions of severity, dated July 14, 1617, which in March, 1621, was carried rigorously into effect by the parliament of Paris, which condemned five persons as guilty of the crime of high treason, adjudging their estates to be forfeited, and themselves to be hanged in person, if apprehended, and if not, in effigy, in the public place of execution in Paris.

Another edict, published by the parliament of Paris, August 29, 1623, ordered that whoever should carry a challenge, gentleman, servant or lackey, should without mercy be put to death, in pursuance of which and the former edict the parliament of Paris condemned Bouteville, Count of Pontgibault, the Baron of Chantail and des Saules, for having fought a duel on Easter-day, of high treason, and sentenced them to be degraded from all privileges of honour, and declared ignominious and infamous, themselves hanged on a gibbet, and their dead bodies carried to Montfaucon, if apprehended, and if not, hanged in effigy upon a gallows; all their houses to be razed and demolished, never again to be rebuilt, and the trees growing about them to be lopt off by the middle, to remain as a perpetual monument of their crime.

A history of duels and duellists would be a very instructive work. It would furnish some most singular narratives. One at this moment recurs to us, connected with the duel fought between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Edward Bruce, two hundred and thirty years ago. The details of the meeting are thus given by the pen of Sir Edward:—

"Tergose in Zealand was the place allotted for rendezvous; where Lord Bruce, accompanied with one Mr Crawford, an English gentleman, for his second, and a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could. And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-day, but a village divides the state's territories from the archduke's; and there was the destined stage, to the end, that having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the authority, by retiring into the dominion not offended.

"It was further concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and whose ill fortune should so have subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hand. But, in case one party's sword should break, because that only could chance by hazard, it was agreed, that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms go on it again. Thus these conclusions being by each of them related to his party, was by us both approved and assented to. Accordingly, we embarked for Antwerp, and by reason my lord (as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger of discovery) had not paired the sword, I sent him to Paris, bringing one of the same length but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed, it being, you know, the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased my Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that he found himself so far behind hand as a little of my blood would not serve his turn, and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that, which he must to satisfy himself and his honour. Thereunto Sir John Heidon replied that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unbefitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer only reiterated his former resolution. The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though to my remembrance, I had not of a long while eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify him, I could presently divide the difference, and therefore, he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed.

"Together we rode (but one before the other some twelve score) about two English miles: and then passion, having so weak an enemy to assail as my direction, easily became victor, and using her power, made me obedient to her commands, I being verily mad with anger, that the Lord Bruce should thirst after my life: with a kind of assuredness, seeing I had come so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation, I bade him alight, which, with all willingness, he quickly granted; and there, in a meadow (ancle-deep in water, at the least), bidding farewell to our doubletts, in our shirts began to charge each other, having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us, enjoining them besides, as they expected our favours, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasures, we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short-shooting; but, in revenge, I pressed in to him, though I then missed him also, and then I received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back.

"And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand having but an ordinary glove on, lost one of his servants, though the meanest, which hung by a skin, and to fight, yet remaineth as before; and I am put in hope, one day to recover the use of it again. But at last, breathless, yet quitting our holds, there passed on both sides propositions of keeping each other's sword. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first, was the question, which on neither part either would perform, and re-striving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together, I freed my long captived weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded, if he would ask his life, or yield his sword? both which he denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart; but, with his avoiding, mist my aim, yet past through his body, and drawing back my sword, re-passed it again through another place, when he cried 'Oh, I am slain!'—seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back; when being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life? but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, he bravely replied, he scorned it; which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, till at length his surgeon, afar off, cried out, he would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped: whereupon, I asked if he desired his sur-

geon should come? which he accepted of, and being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhumane to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me, when I escaped a great danger; for my lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamed of it, came full at me with my lord's sword, and had not mine with my sword interposed him off, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former courage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!'

"Yours,

"Louvaine, "ED. SACKVILLE.
"8th September, 1613."

The rage for duelling continued both here and in France. With one remarkable affair between two personages of high rank we must take leave of the subject for the present.

"In the minority of Louis the Fourteenth the Dukes de Beaufort and de Nemours, although united by interest against the Cardinal Mazarine, had, notwithstanding, their particular views, the Duke of Beaufort was attached to the Duke of Orleans, and the Duke de Nemours to the Prince of Condé. Mademoiselle de Montpensier had assembled at Orleans all the principal officers of the army in order to determine what route the troops should take. The Duke de Beaufort advised their continuing near Paris, the Duke de Nemours recommended their marching to Guienne to strengthen the Prince of Condé's party—the contest became very warm, whereupon the Duke de Nemours said 'That since the Prince of Condé was to be thus deserted, it was necessary for him to quit the cause, because he had been deceived, but he knew upon whom the blame lay.' The Duke de Beaufort, who thought himself the person pointed at, asked to whom he alluded. 'Why you,' replied De Nemours; upon which De Beaufort struck him on the face; after exchanging severe blows with their fists, they drew their swords and made several passes at each other, but the by-standers, rushing in, separated them.

"From motives of respect to Mademoiselle de Montpensier the Duke de Nemours affected to be reconciled to Beaufort, who, as soon as he had recovered from his passion, asked Nemours' pardon. They lived afterwards for some time on good terms, until a new dispute occurred in the Council about precedency. De Beaufort maintained his pretensions with all the gentleness imaginable—but De Nemours, who entertained a rankling malice at his heart on account of the former quarrel, resolved on a duel, and sent De Beaufort a challenge.

"They fought in the horse-market, five against five. The seconds of De Nemours were the Marquis de Villars, the Chevalier de la Chaise, Dukes Uzerches, and Compan. Those of the Duke de Beaufort were D'Henricourt, De Ris, Buri, and Brillet. The Duke de Nemours brought pistols with him which he had charged himself.

"De Beaufort, as they approached each other, said 'Ah! my dear brother, what a shameful proceeding is this we are upon? Let us forget what is past and be henceforward friends: I conjure you to spare this disgraceful effusion of blood."

"De Nemours was deaf, however, to his mild entreaty, and brutally replied, 'No, rascal, I must now either kill you, or you me.'

"Scarcely had he spoken these words when he fired his pistol at De Beaufort, but missed his aim; then immediately drawing his sword to charge him, rushed on, but De Beaufort lodged a ball in his stomach as he advanced, and he staggered and fell dead in a moment. The Marquis de Villars killed D'Henricourt, and De Uzerches slew De Ris. The others were only slightly wounded. The two dukes were brothers-in-law.

"This plan of fighting with seconds was very general in France during the reigns of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, when the rage for duelling may have been considered at its height; in Louis the Thirteenth's reign the usual inquiry was when acquaintances met in the morning—not 'What is the news of the day?' but 'How are you, do you know who fought yesterday?'

"The celebrated Montmorency Count de Botteville was the most renowned duellist of the time, and his house the rendezvous for all the acknowledged brave fellows, where they assembled to practice the use of arms, and keep each other in proper wind and training.

"Botteville had fought many duels, and several times obtained his pardon, but was told to expect it no more. Notwithstanding he fought La Frete between Poissey and St Germain, when his second was killed by La Frete's second. An order being issued for his arrest, he fled to Flanders, where after residing a period, he prevailed upon the arch-duchess to apply to Louis for his pardon, which was peremptorily refused. Botteville, irritated at this refusal, declared, 'he would return to Paris and there fight again, and even in the Palais Royale.' He had sometime before killed the Count de Fougri, whose friend, the Marquis de Beuvron, was desirous of an opportunity to revenge his loss.

"De Botteville caused intimation of his

intention to be given to the Marquis, who accordingly repaired to Paris, and they met in the Palais Royale at two o'clock in the afternoon. They fought each with two seconds, and were separated, one of De Botteville's seconds being dangerously wounded. De Botteville again fled, but was taken, tried at Paris, and beheaded."

Science.

Horticultural Society.—There were exhibited from D. D. Alves, Esq., two specimens of sugar canes, showing the effect of the application of farm-yard manure and crushed bones to the land in which they were growing. It is now being found out by planters that some kind of manure is necessary to the sugar cane. From Messrs Elkington there were some specimens of leaves, covered with copper by the electrotype process, showing that the natural leaves of plants may now be plated over with silver or other metals for personal ornament, or for house decoration.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—A communication was received from MM. Choiselat and Ratel, on the means of improving the Daguerréotype process. They are of opinion that the impressions would be more perfect but for an excess of free iodine on the plates, and recommend that, in order to prevent this, the iodine should be laid on in a place sufficiently luminous for the purpose.—M. Becquerel read a paper on the application, by means of electricity, of the oxides of metals upon metals. By his process he obtains oxides which had never before been formed by the ordinary process of chemistry; and all oxidable metals may be covered with a coating of oxide, such as the peroxides of iron or lead, which have great adhesiveness, and form as it were one body with the metals to which they are applied. Hitherto metals have been laid upon other metals to preserve them from oxidation, and the influence of external agents. By the process of M. Becquerel, he applies the excessively cohesive particles of the oxide, which renders the metals unchangeable on their surface, to which they impart a beautiful colour, in many cases preferable to that of the metals themselves. The process is one of great simplicity, for all that is necessary is to plunge the metal in an alkaline solution of an oxide, in giving to it the positive pole of an electrical pair with a permanent current.

— "In India," says the Bishop of Calcutta, "my firm persuasion is, that if this (the Puseyite) system should go on, we are lost as a Protestant church; that is, lost altogether."

Reviews.

Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann. Concluding Series. 2 vols. Bentley.

There is a possibility of having "too much of a good thing." It is not to be denied that the 'Letters of Walpole' are often amusing, and are sometimes entitled to still higher commendation; but there have been so many hashings up of the dish, that those who were most eager for it once, must by this, we think, have had rather more than enough.

For the last half century it has been difficult to open a magazine without being met by "letters from Horace Walpole." From endless repetition he has become a bore; and the reading world in general will rejoice greatly to find they have now—what no doubt many of them fondly believed they had before—the concluding series.

Some of his anecdotes are but middling, others very good in their way. The following furnishes a piquant illustration of Pope's—

"Here, Betty, give this cheek a little red."

"Poor Lady Coventry concluded her short race with the same attention to her looks. She lay constantly on a couch, with a pocket-glass in her hand; and when that told her how great the change was, she took to her bed the last fortnight, had no light in her room but the lamp of a tea-kettle, and at last took things in through the curtains of her bed, without suffering them to be undrawn. The mob, to the number of ten thousand, only to see her coffin. * * * Poor thing! how far from ninety! she was not eight-and-twenty! Adieu."

The prices given for standings to see coronations have astonishingly varied; latterly they have looked down. When George III came to the throne they seem to have reached the highest point. Walpole says:—

"At the coronation of George II my mother gave forty guineas for a dining-room, scaffold, and bed-chamber. An exactly parallel apartment, only with rather a worse view, was this time set at three hundred and fifty guineas—a tolerable rise in thirty-three years! The platform from St Margaret's roundhouse to the church door, which formerly let for forty pounds, went this time for two thousand four hundred pounds. Still more was given for the inside of the Abbey. The prebends would like a coronation every year. The King paid nine thousand pounds for the hire of jewels; indeed, last time, it cost my father fourteen hundred to bejewel my Lady Orford. A single shop now sold six hundred pounds' sterling worth of nails."

He makes some just reflections on cold-blooded philosophy. Speaking of La Condamine, our letter-writer says—

"He walks about the streets, with his trumpet and a map, his spectacles on, and hat under his arm. But to give you some idea of his philosophy, he was on the scaffold to see Damien executed. His deafness was very inconvenient to his curiosity; he pestered the confessor with questions to know what Damien said: 'Monsieur, il jure horriblement.' La Condamine replied, 'Ma foi, il n'a pas tort;' not approving it, but as sensible of what he suffered. Can one bear such want of feeling? Oh! but as a philosopher he studied the nature of man in torments—pray, for what? One who can so far divest himself of humanity as to be, uncalled, a spectator of agony, is not likely to employ much of his time in alleviating it. We have lately had an instance that would set his philosophy to work. A young highwayman was offered his life, after condemnation, if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried. 'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? no, I'll be d——d first,'—and was hanged!"

It is amusing to trace the links which connect the present with the past. Horace Walpole felt this, and often acted on the feeling with good success. Here is a specimen—

"You must consider, as my father was minister then, that I almost came into the world at three years old. I was ten when I was presented to George I, two nights before he left England for the last time. This makes me appear very old to myself, and Methuselah to young persons, if I happen to mention it before them. If I see another reign, which is but too probable, what shall I seem then? I will tell you an odd circumstance. Nearly ten years ago I had already seen six generations in one family, that of Waldegrave. I have often seen, and once been in a room with Mrs Godfrey, mistress of James II. It is true she doted; then came her daughter, the old Lady Waldegrave; her son, the ambassador; his daughter, Lady Harriot; her daughter, the present Lady Powis; and she has children who may be married in five or six years; and yet I shall not be very old if I see two generations more!"

The sarcasm breathed by Foote against Garrick, that he was the greatest actor on or off the stage, Walpole applies to the heroes of the stage generally. It is sufficiently malignant, it insinuates everything that is mean and hateful, and involves a whole fraternity in the condemnation. He says—

"We are sending you the famous Garrick, and his once famous wife. He will make you laugh as a mimic, and as he knows we are great friends, will affect great partiality to me; but be a little upon your guard, remember he is an *actor*." * *

Walpole's opinion of Junius may be deemed worth reading. Of his letters he says—"The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport; but we have lately had an attack made on the king himself, exceeding the 'North Briton.' Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared; the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the 'North Briton;' observe, *I* do not say so—and the latter for having taken another man's; for opposite actions are equally criminal in the spectacles of Opposition, the two glasses of which are always made the one to see black as white, the other white as black, and also both to see that white and black are both black. To be sure, the younger Highness has had the mishap of being surprised, at least once, with my Lady Grosvenor, who is actually discarded by her lord."

"Two of a trade rarely agree." The sly, polished libeller, Walpole, could not endure the stern effrontery of a brother letter-writer.

We can only add his picture of the Princess Daschkaw. The reader of Russian history will recollect that this lady acted a distinguished part in that revolution which placed Catherine the Second on the throne. Her charms were said to be such that she captivated her own father. This would hardly be surmised from what appears in the book before us.

"Well, I have seen the Princess Daschkaw, and she is well worth seeing—not for her person, though, for an absolute Tartar, she is not ugly; her smile is pleasing, but her eyes have a very Catiline fierceness. Her behaviour is extraordinarily frank and easy. She talks on all subjects, and not ill, nor with striking pedantry, and is quick and very animated. She puts herself above all attention to dress, and everything feminine, and yet sings tenderly and agreeably, with a pretty voice. She, and a Russian lady who accompanies her, sung two songs of the people, who are all musical; one was grave, the other lively, but with very tender turns, and both resembling extremely the Venetian *barqueroles*. She speaks English a little, understands it easily—French is very familiar to her, and she knows Latin. When the news of the naval victory over the Turks arrived at Petersburg, the Czarina made the archbishop mount the tomb of Peter the Great, and ascribe the victory to him, as the founder of the marine. It was a bold *coup de théâtre*, and Pagan enough. The dis-

course, which is said to be very elegant, the princess has translated into French, and Dr Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, is to publish it in English. But, as an instance of her quickness and parts, I must tell you that she went to a Quaker's meeting. As she came away, one of the women came up to her, and told her she saw she was a foreigner, that she wished her much prosperity, and should be very glad if anything she had seen amongst them that day should contribute to her salvation. The princess thanked her very civilly, and said, 'Madame, je ne sçais, si la voye de silence n'est point la meilleure façon d'adorer l'Etre Supreme.' In short, she is a very singular personage, and I am extremely pleased that I have seen her. Adieu."

There are many like touches that would grace a jest-book of his own day, or of ours; and which, but for their being somewhat deficient in novelty, would call forth a hearty laugh.

The Artizan, a Monthly Journal of the Operative Art. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE contents of the July number of this talented periodical teem with interest, while the articles display that which is a chief recommendation to the operative classes—utility. "Anatomy of the Steam Engine," "The Buildings Arts," "Management of Highways," "Pictorial Anatomy," are papers of such a nature as will stamp the importance of the 'Artizan.' "The Philosophy of Architecture" pleased us much.

HARDY THE SHOEMAKER AND A NOBLE PATRON.

HARDY, who was tried for high treason in 1774, and acquitted, was a man of great natural ability and much firmness. The following particulars relating to the treatment which he received from a noble lord, who approved of his sentiments, are not generally known :—

On the evening after his acquittal the noble reformer sent for him, to gratify his lordship's curiosity relative to the feelings he had experienced during his long imprisonment and trial. Dr Moore, the father of the lamented General Moore, was present at the conversation. On Hardy's being about to leave, his lordship said, "Hardy, some friends of mine have joined with me in raising a sum of money to relieve you from some of your sufferings, and reinstate you in business. Here is a hundred pounds at your disposal." Hardy thanked his lordship for the generous offer, and declined accepting it at that precise moment, as he had not then had time to determine where to live, but said, as his friends were active in seeking a situation, he would take the liberty of calling again on his lordship, and avail himself of his liberality, when he had an opportunity of applying the money. A house in Tavistock street was fixed upon for Hardy to resume business as a shoemaker, and having occasion for cash, for he had advanced eighty pounds to help to defray the expense of his trial, he went again to his lordship's house to accept the assistance offered him. His lordship was not at home. A second time he called, and his lordship was not at home. A third – a fourth — and many other times he called again, but his lordship could never be found. Hardy, thus disappointed, relinquished the hope of obtaining the proffered aid, and ceased to call. A year or two elapsed even before he saw the noble lord again. He had occasion to wait one night in the lobby of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, to see a member of the Whig Club, which had then been holding a meeting, when his lordship was coming down stairs. "Ah, Hardy," said his lordship, "I am glad to see you. I have forty pounds to give you, which you may have whenever you call on me." Surprised as Hardy was to find the offered hundred pounds reduced to a promised forty, he had the discretion to say that such a sum would be very acceptable, and he would avail himself of his lordship's permission to call upon him. He called, and called again, but his lordship was always invisible. Again tired out, Hardy suspended for some months his personal pursuit, but at last resolved to try the effect of a letter. This was done, but he could never obtain a penny from the liberal nobleman. One or two quack philanthropists of the present day, have been named as acting a part somewhat similar.

THE FEMALE COMPLAINT.

CUSTOM, alas! does partial prove,
Nor gives us even measure;
A pain it is to maids to love,
But 'tis to men a pleasure.

They freely can their thoughts disclose,
But ours must burn within;
We have got eyes and tongues in vain
And Truth from us is sin.

Men to new joys and conquests fly,
And yet no hazards run;
Poor we are left, if we deny;
And, if we yield, undone.

Then equal laws let custom find,
Nor thus the sex oppress;
More freedom grant to woman kind,
Or give to mankind less.

— A French translator, when he came to a passage of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough broke an officer, not being acquainted with this Anglicism, translated it *rové* "broke on a wheel."

The Gallery.

— Dr Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, died in Paris on Sunday, the 2nd inst., aged 88. The 'Commerce' says: —"Dr Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered, in 1790, the new system, which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1826 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the result of his labours, under the title of 'Matière Medicale Pure.' In 1829 he published his 'Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies,' of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his 'Organon de l'Art de Guérir,' which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects.

The Census.—By the returns just presented to the House of Commons relative to the population of the United Kingdom, as ascertained by the last census, it appears that the total population of England and Wales amounts to 15,911,646, and of Scotland to 2,620,207; the number of persons travelling by railways and canals on the night of the 6th of June, 1841, being 4,896. It further appears that the total population of Ireland amounts to 8,175,238, of whom 852,064 were ascertained to be members of the Established Church—6,427,712 to be Catholics, 642,356 Presbyterians, and 21,808 Protestant Dissenters.

Artesian Wells.—It is intended to carry the bore for the Artesian well in the Garden of Plants to the depth of 800 or 900 metres, whereas that at Grenelle is only 500 metres deep. The object of piercing so low is to find water of a high temperature. The expectation of doing so is founded on observations made by M. Arago and M. Walferdin, at Grenelle, that the temperature of the water increased in warmth one degree at every thirty-two metres' depth. —*Paris paper.*

Deaths Postponed.—In a country paper, a day or two ago, after a long list of births, marriages, and deaths, appears the following strange notice:—"Several deaths unavoidably deferred."

"*Off she goes,*" said Mrs Smith to her spouse, as they started by the railway from Nine Elms. "There you are wrong," said Smith, "for this is the *mail* train."

King Dagobert's Dish.—Sisenand, a Spanish chief, aspired to the crown, and obtained it A.D. 631, with the assistance of King Dagobert. It was agreed that in the event of the former proving successful he should requite the service of his ally by giving him a famous bowl or dish of gold, which had been given to Torrismond, the son of Theodoric, by Actius, after the battle fought against Attila the Hun, at Chalons. This dish was, perhaps, the most valuable one ever seen in the world. It weighed five hundred pounds, and was thickly studded with diamonds and precious stones. It was given to Dagobert by Sisenand; but it was afterwards taken from his soldiers by those of the Spanish king. Dagobert claimed its restoration, and threatened, if this were refused, to invade Spain, but eventually consented to receive in lieu of it 200,000 pennies in gold, calculated by Pere Daniel to be equal to 1,600,000 livres, nearly 150,000*l.*

Modern Pilgrims.—Those who feel alarm at the supposed progress of popery in our days, will perhaps be surprised to learn what was of common occurrence within a century from this date. In the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' for 1747, we see the following announcement:—"Tuesday, October 13th, being the anniversary of King Edward the Confessor, the tombs in Westminster Abbey were shut up by order of the dean and chapter, to prevent the great concourse of Roman Catholics who always repair thither on that day. Notwithstanding which, several of them were kneeling all the day at the gates, and paying their devotions to that saint."

History of a Picture.—The following account of the painting in the window of St Margaret's Church, Westminster, is given in the 'Ecclesiologist:'—The magistrates of Dort, in Holland, desiring to present Henry VII with something worthy to adorn his magnificent chapel, then building at Westminster, directed this window to be made, and Henry and his Queen sent their pictures to Dort. King Henry dying before the window was completed, it became the property of an Abbot of Waltham, who placed it in his abbey, where it remained till the dissolution in 1540. Robert Fuller, the last Abbot, removed it to a chapel in New Hall, Lord Ormond's seat, in Wiltshire, which was afterwards possessed by Thomas Boleyn, father of Anne Boleyn. In Elizabeth's reign, New Hall belonged to the Earl of Sussex; of *his* family the Duke of Buckingham bought it. *His* son sold it to General Monk, who buried the window under ground, but after the Restoration replaced it in the chapel. *His* son dying without issue, and the Duchess neglecting the seat, the chapel became ruinous. John Olivius, having probably purchased the estate from the heirs of the Monk family, demolished both house and chapel, but preserved the glass, in the hope of selling it for some church. It lay cased up in boxes till Mr Conyers purchased it for his chapel at Copthall,

near Epping, when he employed Price, an artist, to repair it. Mr Conyers building a new house, sold the window for 400 guineas to the Parliamentary Committee for repairing St Margaret's Church in 1758.

A Dying Poet.—The death of Klopstock was one of the most poetical. In this poet's 'Messiah,' he had made the death of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus, a picture of the 'Death of the Just;' and on his own death-bed he was heard repeating, with an expiring voice, his own verses 'On Mary.' He was exhorting himself to die by the accents of his own harp.

Parents and Children.—See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all, but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements and to game away their fortunes rather "than to give their old parents the cares which they want."

"*To Marry is not to Marry.*"—At Carlsbad and other places in Germany, the young ladies, on St Andrew's Eve, seat themselves with their backs to the door of the room, take a shoe between their teeth, and throw it over their heads with a jerk. If it fall with the toe outwards, it is a sign of a wedding; if with the heel, of staying under the father's roof. The lasses have another way of deciding this question:—They listen outside a house till they hear the word "*Ja*," or "*Nein*." This is the utterance of the oracle.

Watering Out-door Plants.—The best time for watering exposed plants is soon after sunrise. Evaporation will go on freely, but the atmosphere is getting warmer, and the sun's rays exert their counteracting influence; if watered in the evening the roots are chilled and the plant checked in its growth. The darkened surface—that very condition which makes the soil throw off its heat more readily during the night—causes it to imbibe the heat of the sun's rays by day with increased facility, so that you thus have the greatest amount of the fostering agencies of heat and moisture for the growth of plants. When evening again comes round, the surface moisture has been dried up, and its colour again rendered of a lighter shade; there is consequently little diminution of temperature beyond surrounding objects, either from evaporation or radiation of heat.

Plain Dealing with the Plain.—The Chinese do not appear to be remarkable for their complimentary powers. When a person wishes to look better on canvas than in reality, the answer of the painter usually is, "No hab got handsome face, how can hab handsome picture?" The English artist who wishes to get on makes no such objection. He sometimes does what would almost seem an impossibility, giving age and ugliness the air of youthfulness and beauty, yet so managed that the likeness cannot be denied. Here, a painter who cannot do this lacks patronage; a sculptor loses *cast*.

Petticoat Protection.—Among the many curious incidents arising from the rebellion of 1745, was that which happened to Strange, a celebrated engraver. When the battle of Culloden was over, he fled to a friend's house, pursued by the soldiers. In the hurry of the moment, not knowing where to place him, a young lady in the costume of the time, viz., a dress-hoop, offered to shelter him under the ample folds of her petticoat. Under this feminine protection he remained undiscovered. When the troubles of the time were passed, he rewarded with his hand the lady who had manifested such singular kindness to a fugitive.

—The 'Liverpool Times' states that Government has at present under consideration plans for quickening the intercourse between England and Ireland, by forming a railway from Chester to Holyhead, on the plan proposed by Mr Stephenson. The line, according to this plan, will cross the Dee just below Chester race-ground. Should the determination to carry out this great work be persevered in, it will have to be executed either in whole or in part at the public expense.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Erratum.—For "pounded," read "poured," in our answer respecting medallion wafers, in No. 2, Vol. II.

W. W.—We have said before we cannot answer medical questions. More mischief is done by foolery of the kind than by letting disease take its course.

X. X.—To silver the inside of glass globes, or uneven surfaces of glass, take—

Of Bismouth, by weight	- -	*1 part.*
Lead	- - - -	*0½ ,,*
Pure tin	- - - -	*0½ ,,*
Mercury	- - - -	*2 ,,*

Fuse the solid metals together, and add the mercury. When they are nearly cold, a gentle heat, and stirring them with an iron or wooden spatula, will amalgamate the whole. Pour the metal into the globe of glass, and at a certain temperature you will see it attach itself. When so done, pour the superabundant quantity out. The glass must be quite clear.

R.—Whitehead's essence of mustard is composed of oil of turpentine, camphor, and spirits of rosemary, and a little flour of mustard.

We will thank our correspondents to give us as much information as possible on the old foot-paths now threatened to be closed on the north side of London.

Mr N. is informed that Windsor and Newton's moist colours, or Smith and Warner's body colours, are those most used for vellum painting. If made up from the powder let it be in parchment size. The vellum requires no preparation.

Relics of London, No. XV, accidentally delayed this week, shall certainly appear in our next.

LONDON: *Published by CUNNINGHAM and MORTIMER, Adelaide Street, Trafalgar Square; and Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.*
Printed by C. REYNELL, 16 Little Pulteney street, and at the Royal Polytechnic Institution.